

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 41—VOL. XXI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1809.

No. 1083

THE TWO SISTERS;

OR,

THE CAVERN.

Translated from the French of Madame Herbeter.

(CONTINUED.)

The countess examined and approved of every thing; she removed a considerable sum of money, arising from the sale of two large estates, to the cavern the same night. Her plate and jewels, together with her most precious effects and linen, were also secured; some peasants' cloathing was likewise conveyed there, to wear in case of necessity.

All things thus prepared, it was agreed upon that on the least alarm, the family should fly to the cavern for protection, whilst Richard would remain at the castle to bring them intelligence of what passed from time to time, and to provide them with provisions occasionally. The family of Roseville now flattered themselves that they had found a safe retreat from all evil, but alas! the danger had already approached too near to be shunned. A few days afterwards the Count received a letter, the perusal of which threw him into the greatest agony of mind; the countess observing his affliction, exclaimed in apparent terror, "My God, what is the matter?" "Read it," replied the Count, "it is useless to hide it from you."

"My father and your brother are both slain in defence of their king—Louis is a prisoner in the temple—Terror reigns throughout our unfortunate country.—He could say no more, grief stopped his utterance—some time elapsed before the Countess recovered sufficiently from the shock to cast her eyes on the dreadful letter, and to read the details of that horrible day, the 10th of August. There are afflictions, so great and unexpected as to deprive us of the use of speech—such was the present; the Count and Countess looked at one another in silent sorrow; one had lost a beloved father, the other a brother worthy the tenderest friendship;—at length awakened as from a dream, the Countess burst into a flood of tears, but with an admirable presence of mind she foresaw the danger to which this affair would expose the Count, and anxiously pressed him to withdraw himself to the cavern that very night; this was unfortunately deferred for the following day, when she called all her domestics together and told them the family was going a long journey, and would therefore have no further occasion for their services; she then gave each of them a year's wages, as a remuneration for their sudden discharge. Scarcely had she settled with them when two strangers, notwithstanding the orders that were given to let no one in, burst open the door, and arrested the Count, in the name of the law.

The countess, dreadfully alarmed, ran up and down, calling her servants, to assist her husband; but happening to look out of the window, beheld the court filled with gens d'armes,* she

then saw that resistance would be vain. A carriage was at the door waiting, but before the Count was put into it, seals were placed on all his papers, and two of the guards were left in the castle to see that nothing was taken away, or rather to watch the Countess herself. "Where am I going?" said the count. "To Paris," said the messenger who bore the order—"To Paris?" "Yes," continued he, "you must go with us instantly, I can say no more."—"I will follow my husband," exclaimed the Countess, ordering her baggage to be got ready immediately. "You cannot, madam," resumed the messenger—"we must take the gentleman only."

The count plainly saw they must separate, he clasped his wife and his children tenderly to his breast recommended Richard never to quit them, and then tore himself away, and followed his conductors into the carriage.

The whole castle was now in the utmost consternation; the Count was really adored by his domestics; Richard alone had the presence of mind to assign the apartment where the officers were to lodge; he took care to provide them with one where the liquor and wine casks were, but took away the keys, and left them open.—The same night it fell out as he had foreseen; for the officers demanded the keys of the castle, secured the doors themselves; and then sure that nobody could go out without their permission, placed their pistols and sabres on the table near them, after which they went to the closet, and, delighted to find it open, intoxicated themselves in perfect security. As soon as they were asleep, Richard, who was watching them all the time, entered by a hidden door, and dextrously carried off the keys, then letting the Countess and her daughters out, he escaped with them towards the cavern.

The night was extremely dark, and far advanced before the fugitives reached the forest; Richard, altho' provided with a lantern, feared to make use of it lest he might betray their flight to any stragglers.—They had still about three miles to go through the forest, and the rains had made the path very irksome and dangerous, especially to the children, who had never before travelled in such a manner.—In the mean time the party passed on in the greatest silence imaginable, till at last the darkness became so intense that it was impossible to perceive immediately before them; Richard was about to light his lantern, in order to find the way, when several voices were heard at a little distance, as of a party in pursuit of them. "Oh, Heavens!" said the Countess, "we are pursued—what will become of us!"

"Don't say a word," said Richard, "let us gain the thickest part of the wood, and wait a moment."

He took the youngest daughter in his arms, the Countess followed him, leading the eldest by the hand; by degrees the voices approached them, and a detachment of gens d'armes and infantry passed close by, without observing them. When all was quiet again, Richard endeavoured to find the path, but he was so bewildered that it was not until after innumerable difficulties they arrived at the cavern. Being well armed, and having lighted his lantern, he

boldly entered, having first enjoined the most perfect silence, lest they should meet with any vagabonds, gypsies, or others, who might probably have taken up their abode in the mouth of the cavern for the night. Fortunately no one was there, and they passed the earthen doors without the least accident.

When they were in security, Richard, addressing himself to the Countess, begged her to permit him to go to Paris, in order to discover, and, if possible, to deliver his master from the hands of his enemies. "Money will be indispensably necessary," added he; "let me have a sum, and, believe me, Madam, I will rescue my master, or I'll perish with him."

"No!" replied the Countess, "it is my duty to follow my husband, and to partake in his dangers; if I cannot gain him his liberty, at least the sight of his wife and children will soften his captivity."

"That shall be as you please, Madam," answered Richard, "but I think I can foresee that you had better stay here, as well for the safety of yourself as that of your daughters! besides, should I have the happiness to succeed, it will be much easier for my master and I to return, than if you were with us."

"I am determined to go," said the Countess, "and should he regain his liberty one more, I shall know how to preserve it for him. My children," added she, "we will put on the disguise I lately purchased, in order to avoid being discovered; I don't know what may happen, so I shall provide for the worst, by taking money sufficient for all casualties; here is a double key to the chest, where all our valuables are; take it, in case of accidents—Heaven permit that we may all be one day reunited in this cavern!—should we even be obliged to pass our lives in it. But who can see into futurity? Richard, my children, will show you how to open the earthen doors."

When they had changed their dress, they made all haste to quit their subterraneous habitation, by the way leading to the stone quarry, which was the nearest to the high road; the young ladies opening the doors, and shutting them again, according to the instructions of Richard, arrived on the high road; they did not wait long ere the diligence passed; fortunately there was but one passenger within, an old woman, apparently much afflicted, so that the most profound silence left every one to brood over his own thoughts.

Richard being naturally inquisitive, however a benevolent and upright man, his love for his master was so great, that he sought for every opportunity to evince it by his actions; in the present conjuncture little scope was left for the exercise of his curiosity, unless it were in sifting out who the old lady was; but he succeeded so far before night, that he learnt from her that she had been housekeeper at a mansion near Saumur many years; that her master, whom she had seen born, had been lately assassinated, and his mansion burnt to the ground—she was then going to Paris, to meet her son, who was settled there; she hoped that he would shortly close her eyes, for to die in the arms of her beloved child, was the only consolation to which she was then sensible.

* Police guard, armed as soldiers.

'Poor woman!' said the Countess to her daughters, when they were alone, 'the only consolation she has left is in her son! it is to be hoped his filial tenderness will cause her to forget, or at least will assuage her sorrows.' 'Ah! Mother,' replied Gabrielle, 'you have children also, who will assuage yours: I hope we shall soon be re-united to our dear father.' 'Re-united, my poor child! where?—and when? alas, I do not hope for it,' replied the Countess.

(To be continued.)

LOVE AND OPPORTUNITY.

AN ALLEGORICAL FRAGMENT.

..... Mark von haggard form, his thinly scattered hairs twined into a single lock, float on the air; his brow is furrowed by a thousand wrinkles, yet his limbs are as those of Hercules; his shoulders are shadowed by wings, large as bear to Olympus top the bird of Jove; his step is variable, from that of youth to age, and his hand is armed with an enormous sythe. Now he flies past the Gate of Happiness; then with foot swifter than conveys Camilla o'er the yielding waves, he skims the fairy land of Pleasure, mowing down the flowers that are scattered thro' its paths. He sees!—he approaches the abode of Misery; his wings drop down, and his tottering steps are scarce supported by his sythe, he reaches the parts of Pain, and reclines his wearied form upon the briars and thorns, which spring up in wild and horrid confusion over all its drear domain.—'Tis Time! But let not the contemplation of this object prevent thy observing the infant by which he is accompanied. See! he is winged as his sire,—who holds him fast by one hand, and whose giant limbs shade him almost perpetually from the enquiring sight. His fragile and delicate form appears so light, that Zephyr might bear him on his wing, nor bend beneath the weight.—Locks dark as the plumage of the raven, float upon his glowing neck—his face is alternately covered with blushes, and usurped by the paleness of fear, and his half closed eyes, now shut, as if they would hide their sparklings, in the silken lashes that surround them—now, with wild and hurried glance, move to and fro, while he trembles at the breeze, that whispers thro' his hair.—'Tis Opportunity! As they fly through the gay region of Pleasure he turns with many a lingering look to view the fleeting scene—yet dare not ask to stay. He graps at the roses as he passes by them—nor weeps though his hand should be torn by the thorns. But who is this, with rapid pennon, following as they fly? His brow is crowned with roses; his golden ringlets breathe perfumes sweeter than Arabian groves.—Ah! 'tis Love. I see the glittering quiver at his back; his left hand holds the bow and fatal shaft, whilst his right, is loaded with the choicest fruit and flowers, culled from pleasure's groves, with which he tempts in secret the wishful, timorous child of Time. But love in vain flies round and round; the infant dare not stay. Unwearied still, Love yet pursues—while, though reluctant, the other still must fly. But see, they approach the regions of Pain; when the eyes of Time for an instant seem to close; the infant watches the moment of escape—and Love, in that moment, lays hold on Opportunity.

LIFE has, in allegory, been often represented by philosophers and poets under the similitude of a voyage. The original Green has managed this figure with great dexterity.

Thus sure I steer my bark, and sail
On even keel, with gentle gale,
At helm I make my reason sit
My crew of passions all submit;
If dark and blustering prove some nights,
Philosophy puts forth her lights.
Experience holds the cautious glass
To shun the breakers as I pass,
And frequent throws the wary lead,
To see what dangers may be hid.

A prisoner within these few days appeared at Stafford county gaol, bringing his own commitment. The constable, he said, was busy in his harvest, and could not come with him.—It was not till after he had given his word and honor that he was the person named in the commitment that he was admitted.

FROM THE BAROMETER.

VERSES.

Written by James W. Robbins, on the Death of Mrs. Clarissa Humphrey, wife of Dr. A. Humphrey.

A DYING MOTHER'S CABBELWELL TO HER TWIN BABES.

Come sweetest pair, receive my last embrace,
Here on my bosom for a moment lie,
And catch the tears that trickle down my face,
Ere my pulse ceases, and my eyes be dry.

Come let me feel you ere sensation goes,
Come let me kiss you while I pant for breath,
Soon putrid, loathsome, cold as wintry snows,
Your mother slumbers in the house of death.

Once more, my dearest babes, my arms unfold,
Once more I clasp them to my fond, fond heart,
Oh death compel me not to quit my hold,
Say not the fatal sentence 'You must part.'

Alas my bosom can no longer heave,
The vital fluid can no longer flow;
You, my sweet babes, I am compelled to leave
In this sad world, a wilderness of woe

No mother now can yield the nectared breast,
No mother shield you from the noxious air,
No mother soothe your griefs to balmy rest,
No mother watch you with officious care,

No mother now can guard your infant days,
Nor cautions guide your unexperienced youth,
Nor save from vicious and bewildering ways,
Nor teach the love of virtue and of truth.

Oh God of orphans! hear a mother's prayer!
Look down in pity from thy throne above,
Make these two babes the objects of thy care,
Receive in mercy and protect in love.

Be thou their guardian, keep them in thy fear,
Guide and direct them in the heavenly road,
Be thou their portion while they wander here,
Be thou their friend and everlasting God.

I go, dear orphans, whence there's no return.
But if benignant Heaven your lives shall save,
Hereafter view my monumental urn,
And drop a tear upon your mothers grave.

ANSWER

TO AN INQUIRY IF THE AUTHOR'S HEALTH WAS IMPROVED (AS IT WAS HOPED) BY THE COLD WEATHER.

Tho' the spirit of frost rides sleek on the breeze,
And the ' Snow Spirit tufts with its plumes all the trees;
Tho' keen blows the blast, or cold falls the rain,
Yet the Spirit of Health does not come in their train

But perhaps it may come on the zephyr's soft wing,
And waft with its treasures the treasures of spring;
May wait for its balm till the violet blows,
Or wants some fine essence that links in the rose.

Thus whispers sweet hope, as with eloquent art,
She paints to the fancy and flatters the heart;
That pain will be soothed when the mild breezes play,
And that sickness will yield to the blushes of May.

* Moore.

HIGH LIFE ABOVE STAIRS;

OR,

A Half-crazed Lover's Last Importunity.

FAIR Lady, a lover still proffers his prayers,
That you'd condescend to descend the stairs;
If this be not granted, he humbly must sue,
If you'll not come to him, that he may to you:
Should neither be granted, nor he can be blest,
In dying, he hopes you'll forgive his request!

ANECDOTE OF HOWARD.

When this excellent and benevolent man was examined by the House of Commons, one of the members asked him, 'At whose expense he had made his journey through England to examine the state of the different prisons?' and was extremely surprised when Howard told him, that he made it at his own expense. The wretched situation of the prison of his own country, when he was high Sheriff of Bedfordshire, made a great impression on his mind, and first set it upon those useful and honourable pursuits in which he was afterwards engaged. In a conversation he had with a friend, a few months before he undertook his last and fatal expedition, he said, 'that he should never leave his native land; probably,' added he, 'never to return to it;' that he proposed to be absent five years; that he intended in that period of time, to visit Turkey, Asia Minor, and Egypt. On his friend making some objections to the length and peril of the journey, he replied, 'I probably shall never return to my native country; but (be that as it may) it is of no concern to me, whether I lay down my life in Turkey, in Egypt, Asia Minor, or elsewhere. My whole endeavour is to fulfil, according to the abilities of so weak an instrument as I am, the will of that Gracious Providence who has condescended to raise in me a firm persuasion that I am employed in what is consonant to his Divine approbation.'

Historical Anecdote.

Peter Peuteman was a good painter of still life; but the most memorable circumstance relative to this artist was the incident that occasioned his death.

He was employed to paint an emblematical picture of mortality, expressive of the vanity of the pleasures of this world, and of the shortness and misery of human life; and that he might imitate some parts of his subject with greater exactness, he painted them in an anatomical room, where several skeletons were suspended from the ceiling, and skulls and bones lay scattered about the floor. Here he prepared to take his designs, and either from some previous fatigue, or the intenseness of his study, insensibly fell asleep. This was on Sep. 18, 1692, when an earthquake, that happened while he was dozing, roused him; and the instant he awoke he perceived all the skeletons in motion, and the loose skulls rolling about the room!—Being totally ignorant of the cause, he was struck with such horror that he threw himself down stairs and tumbled out into the street half dead. His friends took all imaginable pains to efface the impression made on his mind by this unlucky event: explaining the true cause of the agitation of the skeletons; nevertheless his spirits were affected in so violent a manner, that he never recovered his health, but died soon after, at 43 years of age.

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

'The female mind is naturally credulous, affectionate, and in its attachment ardent. If, in her peculiar situation, her assiduities must be deemed in any degree culpable let us remember that this is but a vessel of refined clay. When the awful record of her errors is enrolled may that sigh which was breathed for the misery of a fellow mortal, waft away the scroll, and the tears which flowed for the calamities of others, float the memorial down the stream of oblivion!

On the errors of women let us look with the allowance and humanity of men. Enchanting woman! thou balm of life! soother of sorrow! solace of the soul! how dost thou lighten the load of human misery, and lead the wretched into the valley of delight! without thee how heavily would men drag through a dreary world! but if the white hand of a faithful friend be twined round his arm, how joyous, how lightly doth he trip along the path!

That warm and tender friend, who in the most trying situations, retains fondness, and in every change of fortune preserves unabated love, ought to be embraced as the first benison of Heaven—the completion of earthly happiness. Let man draw such a prize in the lottery of life, and glide down the stream of existence with such a partner; neither the cold, averted eye of a summer friend, nor the frowns of an adverse fortune, should produce a pang, nor excite a murmur.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER 18, 1809.

In consequence of the severe indisposition of the lad who serves the Museum in the East part of the city, many of our subscribers may not receive it this week, those who are neglected are requested to send to the office.

The city inspector reports the death of 52 persons, (of whom 21 were men, 9 women, 12 boys, and 10 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last.

A more wanton act of barbarity we never remember to have heard of, than that which was committed on Saturday last; a gentleman in the neighboring county, having consigned the management of his farm to his nephew, a young man of an irritable disposition, he quarrelled with one of the plough boys, whom he tied to the tail of a cart and flogged him unmercifully. The lad remonstrating against the treatment he received, brought upon him further and more severe punishment. His inhuman master next fastened him to the tail of one of the cart horses, then giving the animal a cut with his whip, he sprung forward, and finding an incumbrance behind, kicked to get it off, and hitting the poor boy on the stomach, he immediately expired.

The body was taken to a public house in the neighborhood, for Coroner's inquest to be taken upon it. The farmer was immediately arrested and conveyed to jail.

Col. Shubrick, of South Carolina, has discovered a valuable sheathing for vessels, in the Palmeto Wood, which he has found to be superior even to copper sheathing. In the Southern climates, so great are the ravages of the worm, that pine sheathing will not last more than two years; copper lasts but five. The Palmeto is proof against the worm, and is found to continue good for six or seven years. This wood abounds in the Carolinas. The agricultural society of South Carolina have awarded a gold medal to Col. Shubrick for his discovery.

Melancholy Circumstance.—We are informed by a person directly from Basking-Ridge, that on Saturday evening last, while sitting at their fire-side, Dr. William Boyles and his wife, (living within a few miles of that place,) were fired at through the window, from muskets loaded with shot, and both badly wounded. The doctor, it was expected, would not survive it; but his wife, it was thought, might possibly recover. Two persons, of whom suspicions are very strong, have been taken up, examined, and committed to Somerset jail, to await their trial.

A man by the name of Obadiah Wells, was drowned on Friday evening, in Gardiner's Bay from on board the sloop Betsey, Captain Cook, bound from Sag Harbour to New-York. He has been at work in that vicinity for some time and took passage for New-York.

A new crater opened at Mount Vesuvius on the 4th of September, and was burning on the 9th. The lava took its direction towards the Dolla Torre, which was formerly destroyed by an eruption. Nothing is to be feared unless the torrent of fire should change its course.

House Breakers.—During the night of Saturday last, the store of Messrs. Wagers wine merchants in North Second street, Philadelphia was forcibly entered, their counters and desks broke and pillaged of whatever was valuable. These villains entered at the back door, which they opened by means of boring several holes through it, with a large auger and thereby removing the bolts.

In addition to the foregoing, we are informed that during last week an attempt was made to set fire to a house in the upper part of the city, but it was fortunately discovered before the family had retired to rest.

Curious Calculation.—The Island of Walcheren is said to be 8 or 9 miles in diameter, and, as its form is nearly circular, it is of course, from 24 to 27 miles in circumference. Now the ships that we have sent against it, taking them from the point of the bow sprit to that of the jib-boom, measure 22 miles, 5 furlongs, and 67 yards; so that, if they were tied fast to one another, and placed all around the Island, they would be within a very few yards of touching each other, and one might go round the Island, from deck to deck without the help of a boat. That is one view of the thing. Another is, that our ships, if swung at anchor, with barely anchorage room enough, would reach from England to Walcheren, and our men, if placed in a single rank, within arms length of one another, would reach from England to Walcheren, and round the Island of Walcheren besides. The men, thus placed, would reach 124 English miles, consequently, if drawn up three deep, in pretty close order, they would form a complete wall round the whole Island, *London Paper.*

A patriotic Alderman, now on a cruise, stored his vessel for the voyage to Flushing with an extraordinary large turtle; and, it is said, he has requested, in case he should fall a victim to the enterprize, that the shells of the turtle may be converted into a coffin to convey his remains home for interment, in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey. We understand he has written the following epitaph, to be placed, if necessary, over his honoured tomb.

Here lies the great Curtis, of London, Lord Mayor. He has left this here world and gone to that there.

MRS. McKENNY, CONFECTIONERESS.

No 79 William, corner of Liberty-street, begs leave to return her most grateful and unfeigned thanks to her friends and a generous public for the encouragement they have so liberally bestowed on her since she has commenced the above line of business. She flatters herself, from her strict attention, care, and punctuality, as well as her assiduity in endeavouring to please, that she will be enabled to give satisfaction to such Ladies and Gentlemen as will honour her with their commands. She has at present on hand a general assortment of Confectionary, wholesale and retail, which she means to dispose of on the lowest terms. Also, Tea Cakes of every description, Plum do. Iced and Ornamented Jellies, Bianches Mince, Pyramids &c. at the shortest notice. Heart-shaped Candy, for colds, made in a genuine manner.

Nov 18 1083—tf
WANTED IMMEDIATELY,
Four or five Young Ladies for Mantua-making.—
Inquire at No 89 Pearl street
Nov 18 1083—tf

MRS. HADLEY

Is removed from No 140 Broad-way, to No 12 Court-and-street, where she carries on the Millinery Business in all its Branches. She has for sale a variety of Fancy Millinery, of the Newest Fashions, which she will sell on very reasonable terms.

Makes up Ladies own materials
October 14 1078—tf

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening, October 9th, by the Rev. Mr. Middollar, Mr. Francis W. Dominick of this city, to Miss Mary Slocum, Eldest daughter of Capt. Wm. Slocum of Newport. (R. I.)

On Saturday evening last, by Rev William. Keith, Mr. William. Doughty, to Miss Catherine Corlyses

On Wednesday evening, by the Rev Dr Romeyne, Mr. Isaiah Townsend of Albany, to Miss Hannah Townsend daughter of Solomon Townsend, Esq of this city

On Thursday morning last, at Trinity Church, by the Right Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Myles F. Clossey, Junr, to Miss Louisa Daponte, daughter of Lorenzo Daponte

At Elizabethtown, New-Jersey, on Monday evening last, by the Rev. John M'Dowal, Mr. James Mayor, to Miss Rebecca C. Halsted

On Saturday evening last, at Cow-neck, L. I by the Rev. Mr. Hart, Mr. Andrew Bremner, merchant of this city, to the amiable Miss Catherine Fell of the former place

DIED.

At Harlem, on Thursday, the 9th inst. Mr. Richard C Kelley.

BOARDING.

A Lady in the village of Newark, that teaches a School, would be glad to obtain two or three children to board with her, by the year. She would prefer them under nine years of age, and all of one family, if they could be obtained; but will take them otherwise. Any persons who wish their children to go from home, would be pleased with this situation, as the lady is alone, and will have leisure to attend to the children committed to her care, particularly to their manners and morals.—Terms may be known by applying at No. 141, William-Street.

November 18 1083—1m

WANTED.

A Servant woman to do the house-work of a small family. None need apply without good recommendations. Good wages will be given.—Apply at No 120, Water-street.

MISS HONEYWELL.

Inform the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that she has opened a room of Curiosities, at No. 267 Broadway, executed by herself, without hands

Admittance 25 Cents—Children half price

Those who visit her room of Curiosities can see her work if they chuse. She embroiders, threads her needle, ties the knot, cuts fancy pieces, watch-papers with initials or the full name

All those pieces for sale by the lady at the above place
Admittance from 9 in the morning till 9 in the evening
Nov 4 1081—1m

CISTERNS

Made and put in the ground complete warranted right by
C. ALFORD,
No 15, Catharine street, near the Watch house

JUST RECEIVED, THE EXILE OF ERIN, A NEW NOVEL BY MISS GUNNING.

ALSO
THE COMMUNICANT'S COMPANION;
OR,
INSTRUCTIONS AND HELP
FOR
THE RIGHT RECEIVING OF THE LORD'S SUPPER

RAGS.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linnen RAGS this office,

JUST RECEIVED,
AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,
a few reams elegant gilt edge and plain
NOTE PAPER.

COURT OF APOLLO.

FROM THE MASSACHUSETTS SPY.

TO MEMORY.

Hail sacred Memory for ever dear,
Whether thou pleasure bring, or sell the tear!
With thee I ramble oft in various ways;
The pranks surveying of my boyish days;
And in thy company I travel o'er,
The often trodden fields of classic lore.
Again I view the attempts oft made in vain!
The sacred source of knowledge to attain:
For those long hidden springs our search be-
lost in unbeaten wilds, like those of Nile!
But as we wandered down the stream of time,
Its course we trace majestic and sublime!
Thy sages Greece, unlike the morning ray,
At once the radiant blaze of light display.
See blind Mæonides at once arise,
An Atlas 'midst the literary skies!
With undiminished blaze still bursts his fame,
The first among the men of mighty name!

Thou bring'st to view the deeds renowned afar:
Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war,
Of these who through the earth their glories spread,
Tho' long since numbered with the mighty dead.

But Mem'ry oft will cause the tears to flow,
And swell the breast with rising gusts of woe;
The briny torrents oft the cheeks bedew,
When pictured to the mind appear in view,
The absent friends who claimed a brother's part,
Or warmer than a brother shared the heart.
We silently deplore th' untimely doom,
Of those wrapt in th' embraces of the tomb!
But still let Mem'ry hold her ample reign,
For soothing pleasures rise from mental pain.

TO A STOLEN KISS.

How witching is the azure of the eye,
And thousand graces loiter there!
Now beaming like an April sky,
Now darting flashes of despair!
But from the gently parting lip,
'Tis pleasure's magic draught we sip.

Sweet is the fragrance of the rose
On May day morn besprinkled with dew;
And sweet's the modest blush that glows,
On beauty's cheeks of crimson hue.
But sweeter is that throne of bliss,
Where dwells the nectar breathing kiss.

Not all the Odours that exhale,
From fair Arabia's spicy groves;
At eve when the lone Nightingale,
Recounts her sorrows and her loves,
Can e'en impart such virtuous bliss,
As an enchanting Stolen Kiss.

TEN DOLLARS REWARD.

Lost or stolen from the pocket of the subscriber, on Wednesday afternoon, it is supposed at the corner of Front street and Bueling-street, a Red Morocco Strap Pocket Book, containing about 70 dollars in Bank Notes, viz. one of 20, two or three of 10, and the remainder in smaller notes. It also contained a number of loose papers, of but little value to any but the owner. It was marked with the name of the subscriber and a small counting-house almanac pasted in the inside. Whoever will leave the same, with the contents, at the store of Phoenix and Moir, No 38 Front-street, shall receive the above reward and be asked no questions.
HENRY P. RUSSELL
Oct 21 1879—tf

RAGS WANTED,
SUITABLE FOR SURGEONS' USE.
AN EXTRA PRICE WILL BE GIVEN.
INQUIRE AT THIS OFFICE.



RULEFF CONOVER,

(Late Foreman to Mr. Reuben Burn.)

Respectfully informs the Ladies of this city, and his friends in general, that he has taken that convenient stand at the blue window, No. 120, Broadway, directly opposite the City-Hotel, where he intends to carry on the LADIES' SHOE MAKING in all its various branches, in the neatest and most fashionable manner. The public may depend upon the strictest attention being paid to their commands. The subscriber's long and unremitted attention to the above business for upwards of eight years in the first rate shops in this city, he hopes will entitle him to a share of the public patronage.

R. C. intends to keep none but the very best materials and workmen, which will enable him, by known ability and strict attention, to give general satisfaction. Ladies, by sending their messages, shall be personally attended to at their respective places of abode, and their orders thankfully received and executed with the strictest attention, being determined to spare no pains or exertions to merit the favours of a generous public.

September 21

1075—tf

BILIOUS CORDIAL.

A FRESH SUPPLY, JUST RECEIVED,

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

In Bottles at Four or Six Shillings each.

An immediate, safe and efficacious remedy in the most in-terate cases of **BILIOUS CHOLIC**, and is peculiarly proper in all complaints proceeding from a redundancy of Bile. It may be used to great advantage in Complaints of the Bowels generally, and is as agreeable as efficacious.

A supply of the above cordial is just received from the proprietor (a resident of New Jersey, who having witnessed the happy effects resulting from its use for several years past, considers it a duty highly incumbent to place it more in the way of his fellow-creatures.

Numerous affidavits (and those the most respectable) might be produced of its utility and effects, but these auxiliaries are too often abused in recommending trash as specifics in every complaint.

A trial of the Bilious cordial will in itself be its best recommendation.

August 19.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY

An Apprentice to the Printing Business. A Boy of 15 or 16 years of age will meet with good encouragement by applying at this office
November 4

S. DAWSON'S,

WARRANTED DURABLE INK.
FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
FOR SALE,

by the quantity or single bottle, at No 3 Peck-Slip and at the Proprietors 48 Frankfort-street.
Oct 21

THOMAS MORTON,

Begs leave to acquaint his friends and the public that he has removed to No. 92 William-street, the store occupied by the late Mrs. Brasher: where he has for sale the following fancy and staple articles—

Damask and diaper table cloths
Fine French cambrics and linens
Twilled cotton sheetings
6-4 wide checks and bed ticks
Chintz, calicoes and ginghams
Fancy shawls, silk, cotton and camels hair
Ladies and gentlemen's silk and cotton hose
Gentlemen's English black silk extra sizes do.
India book, cambrics and mulmull muslin
Plain, Fancy, and Doras Pelongs
Ribbing, sewing Silks, cotton and silk Trimmings
Fancy Vesting, Cassimeres and Cloths
Cotton Yarn for Sewing, Knitting and Drawing
Pins, Tapes, velvet Binding and Fans
White and coloured Threads, Ross silk and Thread,
with a variety of other Articles, which will be sold w, wholesale and retail
May 27 1078—tf

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS.

FOR SALE, BY
N SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER
FROM LONDON.

At the sign of the Golden Rose,
NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies' ornamented Combs of the newest fashion—also Ladies' plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash. Is far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume 4 and 8s each.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles
Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s 4s 8s and 12s bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey 4s and 8s per pot. Smith's Tooth Paste warranted Violet double scented Rose Hair Powder 2s 6d.

Smith's Sarcynette Royal Paste for washing the skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s per pot do paste.

Smith's Cymical Dentifrice Tooth Powder for the teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural colour to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.

Smith's superfine Hair-Powder. A fine and powder for the skin, 3s per lb.

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil for curling, glossing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey 4s per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums 1s per pot or roll. Doled do 2s.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips 2s and 4s per box.

Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chymical principles to help the operation of shaving 3s and 1s 6d.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster 3s per box.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books
Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton Garters, and Eau de Cologne.

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold.
* * The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported Perfumery.

8 French Marseilles Pomatums.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

ECONOMICAL AND CONVENIENT CHAMBER-LIGHT,

By means of a Floating Wax Taper which will burn
Ten Hours,

and not consume more than a spoonful of oil, and give a good and sufficient light. They require no particular lamp, but may be burnt in a wine glass, tumbler or any similar vessel. Persons who are in the habit of being called up at night, and others requiring or wishing a light during the night (particularly the sick), will find those Tapers exceedingly cheap and convenient.—They are recommended to Publicans to light Segars with during the day.
They are sold at C. Harrison's Book-Store, in boxes containing 50 tapers, at 50 cents per box.

CARDS, HANDBILLS &c.
PRINTED AT THIS OFFICE
ON MODERATE TERMS.

NEW-YORK,
PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISON
NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Ann.
PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE.